SONGS FROM THE

FLORIDA EVERGLADES

AND OTHER POEMS

PRINCESS WOXIE HATCHEE

Singing palm trees, perfumed gardens, the whispering of tall grasses, glade lands calling—only one who has felt the magic of tropic Florida, who has been steeped in the legends of the Seminole Indians, could have caught the spirit of this fascinating region and conveyed it to the reader in songs whose rhythmic charm is rarely beautitul.

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Special Collections
Department
University of
South Florida

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CONTEMPORARY POETS OF DORRANCE (82)

Songs from the Florida Everglades

AND

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BY

PRINCESS WOXIE HATCHEE
(RUBY PEARL PATTERSON)

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Dedicated

To the late John Paul Clarke,
well-known naturalist, who taught me to
love the Florida Everglades and its people.

The Author

Acknowledgment is made to the following Florida newspapers for permission to reprint certain of the verses that originally appeared in these publications: *Palm Beach Independent, The Tampa Morning Tribune, The Lake Worth Herald, The Palm Beach Times, Union Labor News,* and *Miami Life.*

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FOREWORD

By M. C. Baker, editor of the Lake Worth Herald, in which many of these verses first appeared

My first acquaintance with the writer of these verses was over two years ago at a Red Cross benefit show, at which she appeared on the program as a feature dancer.

Later that evening, at a reception given for members of the cast and others connected with the performance, she rather timidly showed me some of her first lines, as yet unpublished. Although not a writer of verse myself, I was immediately struck by the simplicity of expression and the writer's sincerity of purpose. The same grace and rhythm of movement which had characterized her dancing were apparent in those first verses.

The author has caught up the spirit of tropic Florida and that vast, silent region, the Everglades, long the home of a now vanishing race, and has transmitted into words the plaintive note of protest the great "mystery land" voices against the encroachment of civilization and the white man's mode of living.

While the quality of the verses may be apparent to any lover of poetry, one who has viewed the limitless expanse of 'Glade land after a tropic storm, or who has stood beneath the mellow light of a southern moon, will appreciate them more fully.

The writer's thirteen years of residence in the section, and her knowledge of the Everglades and the Seminole Indian, are clearly reflected in this little volume.

M. C. B.

PART I

SONGS FROM THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES

MEMORY MOON

O Moon! Oh shining, glowing light, they call thee moon!
To me thou art fond memories piercing my heart;
Wafting my soul away to silent lonely glades.

Thou art the great heron's wing, sweeping on to nest;
Thou art a lone night bird's cry from drowsy woodlands,
Calling my soul to dream in weeping cypress shades.

Thou art winding streams whispering to hyacinths;
Thou are crooning night winds lulling my soul to rest;
And thou art campfires, kissing away tears of night.

O Moon! Oh shining, glowing light, thou art my dreams;
Thou art my sighing soul wandering through forest glades,
Searching for Caloosa within thy glowing light.

Thou art tender sighs and a lover's fond caress;
Thou art a broken heart grieving through lonely nights;
Thou art fragrant blossoms that drooping, die too soon.

Thou art my love, my life, oh gentle, glowing light!
Caloosa ever leads me through thy shining pathways—
Across thy depths he calls for me—oh sad Memory Moon.

THE LURE OF THE GLADES

Through winding pathways we wander
hand in hand, alone, you and I;
Lured on because we understand
the call of clear blue sky and
dancing sunbeams, upon drowsy,
murmuring waters, in our dreamland,
in our land of Indian dreams.

Through silvery waters we glide
in our canoe; through wild glades
and silent shades, I go alone with
you; where wild birds sing, while angry
'gators splash and roar—evening comes;
We rest our bark upon the shore.
The sun sinks slowly in the west;
The blue heron takes wing to its nest;
Bright stars and golden moon
crowd gay colors from the sky;
Beside the campfire we dream alone,
Just you and I.

Many golden moons pass by.
For you, O Brave, the woodlands sigh!
In tropic nights when all is still,
"Chip-wido-wido, Chip-wido-wido,"
I hear the sad cry of the whippoorwill,
Calling and calling, O Brave, to thee!
Come back to our dreamland, our woodland,
and me; let us wander again 'neath
clear blue sky, through winding pathways—
Just you and I.

GLADE LAND HOME

Dusky children of the glade lands
Dream where wind-sown grasses sigh;
Their palaces are the swamp lands,
And their roofs a star-strewn sky.

Brooding shadows o'er campfires fall,
Shadows of the earth and sky,
And through the shadows night birds call,
And the night winds sadly sigh.

In the shadowing folds of night,
Forest spirits drift back home,
Gliding noiselessly, through moonlight,
'Cross the glade land's jetty loam.

Bravely they died, for love of land,
Where their dusky children roam.
Time covers blood stains on the sand,
Now peace reigns in glade land home.

WINDS OF NIGHT

Croon, croon, croon—oh, winds of night, croon on!
  Carry my heart's song across the sky,
  Gently letting it fall with a sigh,
On still waters, when love's dreams are gone.

Croon, croon, croon—oh, winds of night, croon long!
  Carry my soul's tune to lonely shades,
  Let it tenderly ring through the glades,
And mingle with a wild bird's sweet song.

Croon, croon, croon—oh, winds of night, croon on!
  In the dark swamp lands let my heart lie,
  In the silent glade lands let me die,
When my tender woodland dreams are gone.

WHEN THE SAW GRASS BLOOMS

Round rolls the great moon and bleeding red;
Hot burns the flaming sun in the 'Glades;
Plaintive is the lone night bird's call;
Silent is the wind that softly crooned.

When the night grows silent—still as death—
'Tis then the Indian soul takes heed;
From the swamps the Red Man steals away,
When the sharp-edged saw grass blooms;
When the watery wastes of saw grass bloom
Indians follow their Great Spirit's sign—
Death and grim disaster lurk behind
Burnished suns and red, red harvest moons.

THE PHANTOM LOVER

Last night I sighed beneath the lovely moon,
A golden Florida moon;
For the night bird's plaintive call
Made my lonely heart so sad and weary
That I wept for my love, my all.

Last night I prayed beneath the lovely moon,
"O golden Florida moon;
My Indian lover has gone away
And left me sighing, alone in the 'Glades,
Oh bring him back today!"

Last night I smiled beneath the lovely moon,
"O golden Florida moon,
You have heard my heart's wild plea,
For through the palm tree's singing leaves
Caloosa sings for me!"

THE SEMINOLE PASSES

Through the lonely, winding trail,
The lonely, winding pine trail,
Across the flat lands
Leading to the swamp lands,
My heart is ever crying.
Sighing are the tall pine trees,
Sighing in the twilight breeze;
Softly south winds croon
Where tiger lilies bloom.
Tall lone pines are sighing,
Forest sprites are waiting,
Wild birds are ever mating,
Shadows are falling—
Seems I hear you calling
With forest spirits waiting.

Weeping are the cypress swamps,
Weeping are the black swamp lands,
In our Indian home
Where jungle creatures roam;
The black swamp lands are weeping.
Through the winding, lone pine trail
The great storm gods weep and wail;
Grey clouds are falling—
Seems I hear death calling
Through the lonely, winding trail.

A SONG TO THE MAN IN THE MOON

Oh, Man in the Moon,
The night winds croon,
And my soul sighs unto thee.
Oh, Man in the Moon,
Hyacinths bloom
In the cypress swamps for me.

Night birds are calling,
Stars are falling,
Drifting star dust through my hair;
White birds take wing,
Aigrettes they bring
To glade lands, for me to wear.

Wandering I go
To swamp lands—lo!
Caloosa awaits me there.
His spirit shines bright
In campfire light;
Night flowers come forth to stare.

Where wild lilies grow,
Dancing we go,
On the shores of singing streams.
Our love is as true
As skies are blue,
But sad are our fading dreams.

Oh, Moon Man, smile on
Till dreams are gone,
Then weep with my lonely heart.
Alas! Dreams must die,
And forest ghosts cry,
"Farewell! Sad lovers must part."

SONG OF THE GLADES

I hear a song through the tall pine trees,
Softly drifting on the tropic breeze—
'Tis the song of the lonely glades.
I hear a song of broken hearts
That mournfully through the swamp land starts,
When Seminole sunset fades.

Beneath starlit skies the swamp land yearns,
Like a flaming ghost the campfire burns,
Where dusky Indians roam.
Gently the night winds carry the song
Of broken hearts—of right—of wrong—
Glade lands calling the Seminole home.

From fair shores of the land of flowers
To swamp lands, to moss-hung bowers,
In silent grief the red man goes.
With heart bowed down by white man's hand,
All that's left of a peaceful band
Sadly dream where the saw grass grows.

SEMINOLE LAND

Starlight shines o'er cypress swamps;
Moonbeams play on clinging vines;
Gulf winds croon o'er grassy waters;
Night birds call through sighing pines.

Bright flowers bloom beside lagoons;
Gray moss weeps from cypress trees;
Blue herons wade 'mong hyacinths;
Fragrance drifts on tropic breeze.

'Gators roar from black still waters;
Wild cats scream from jungle isles;
Hornèd owls call unto the moon;
Big moon o'er the swamp land smiles.

Secrets cling to Seminole land,
Where the dusky Indian roams.
A song of grieving souls I hear
Soft winds bring from jungle homes.

WHISPERING GRASS

Over the lonely flat lands creeps November's chill;
And silence reigns—no note of a wild song bird's trill;
Deep silence reigns, save for whispering of tall grass,
Like sighing of lonely spirits—alas! Alas!

Alas! Alas! The whispering of tall grass brings
Sad memories and to the lonely flat land clings
A silent mystery like death's arrow dart;
And cold hands of forest ghosts clutch at my heart.

Sad, forgotten faces I see drifting along,
And hear them singing an unremembered song.
To me they seem to beckon as they slowly pass
And my soul follows the song of whispering grass.

MYSTIC MOON

Fleeting twilight gently fades,
Murmuring waters kiss low boughs;
The mystic moon hangs o'er the glades
Where wild birds call and 'gators drowse.

Dark and lonely are the 'Glades,
Till the mystic moon hangs low
Lighting a pathway through the shades
Where the water lilies grow.

Down upon a white sand shore
Lies a lonely, slim canoe,
A brave is gone forever more
From the 'Glades he loved and knew.

When the mystic moon shines bright
O'er waters clear and blue,
Alone, I'm dreaming in the night,
Of a brave and his canoe.

O'er a grave tall pine trees sigh,
My heart is sighing too;
O'er a grave the night winds cry,
The grass is wet with tears of dew.

When the mystic moon shines down
O'er the paths that Indians roam,
Weaving magic o'er a mound,
I know that I am not alone.

Through the silent shades I see
A smiling face that I love so.
My brave returns to comfort me—
When the mystic moon hangs low.

THROUGH PINE FORESTS

Grieving for you, I search the realm of spirit lands;
I would see you again and touch your kind hands,
I would have you near me as in moons gone by,
With only you I would roam where tall pines sigh.
Through an opened door of the lands of souls I gaze
Upon a happy spirit land beyond a veil of haze;
With ghosts I see you floating like a wreath of mist,
Dancing to strange wild music by memories kissed.
I came to call you back to glade land home, O Brave!
I came to lead you from the silent, lonely grave;
But you have found a fairer land ever sun-bright.
Alone I'll retrace my steps through silent night.
Alone, my sad heart will hear the night wind that sighs,
I will not call you back from spirit's paradise.
I will wait and listen till leaves begin to fall—
I will join your spirit band when through the pines
you call.

SEMINOLE CHRISTMAS

In a clear cool sky,
In the eastern sky,
  A great star is shining bright
O'er dreaming flowers,
Through the silent hours
  Of peaceful Seminole night.

Night flowers unfold
Where glade lands hold
  Sweet love for the Son of Right,
In cypress bowers,
In moonlit bowers,
When the Eastern Star shines bright.

The Great Spirit's son,
When day is done,
  Spreads peace 'round campfires bright;
His Spirit returns
When the campfire burns
  On Seminole Christmas Night.

Note: The Seminole Indians believe the Great Spirit sent his Son to help them keep Florida, but the heavenly visitor was killed by wicked Spaniards; somewhere in the 'Glades his spirit home is secure from attack.

LOST JUNGLE TRAIL

The ocean blue sings on,
Of a jungle trail that's gone,
Cut down by man's mad hand,
Despoiling lovely land—
  The ocean blue sings on.

The ocean blue sings on,
Of the winding trail that's gone,
Of the great banyan tree
That sheltered you and me—
  The ocean blue sings on.

The ocean blue sings on,
Of the Indian brave that's gone,
And there is left for me,
A song of memory—
  The ocean blue sings on.

Oh, ocean blue, sing on
Of sunny ways long gone!
Man cannot destroy thee,
And a song is left for me—
  Oh, ocean blue . . . sing on!

FOOTPRINTS ON WHITE SANDS

Though time has covered footprints on white sands,
I hear you calling still, through black swamp lands;
I hear your whisper through the tall pine trees;
I hear your song across the evening breeze.

Your eyes are shining in a bright blue flower;
I see you smiling through the shadowy hour;
Your heart is throbbing in the cypress tree;
In glade land moonlight your dear face I see.

Though time has covered footprints on white sands,
In memory I cling to your kind hands—
You are weaving flowers through shining hair—
Forever, in glade lands, I'll find you there.

HEART OF THE SUN*

In my dream, star folk whispered to me,
"Go gather the brightest flowers
That bloom beside moss-hung bowers
In the wilderness of O kee fee ne kee."

Alone to the dark swamp lands I wandered,
And found a dreamy, green-gold isle.
Basking in sunlight's golden smile
On the shores of still waters I pondered—

Indian maidens came dancing around me,
Beautiful daughters of the sun;
Gently they touched me, one by one;
I glided away with them, gay and free.

By blue lagoons we gathered bright flowers
And yellow fruit from shady trees.
We sipped honey of velvet bees,
And sang and danced through silvery showers.

I heard the star folk sing—calling to me—
I bade my new friends good-bye;
Softly they kissed me, with a sigh,
And I sailed away across dreamland's fair sea.

In the wilderness of O kee fee ne kee,
Never before by mortal trod,
Through green isles of the great Sun God,
In a tender dream, star folk sent me.

*From a Seminole legend.

EGRETS*

Pining away, little white birds cry,
Where the marshland's echo is a sigh;
Their snowy plumed mothers are gone,
And the little white birds droop and die
Ere their tender wings have strength to fly—
Through shadows, white winged souls drift on.

*The white heron is hunted for its beautiful plumage, and at the time it is raising its young it is the most beautiful. Mother birds have been shot and the baby birds left to die of hunger and thirst. The beautiful egret bird, like the Seminole Indian, is nearly gone from the land of flowers.

ABODE OF THE GODS OF DEATH*

Okeechobee, abode of the Gods of Death,
Through restless dreams, sad glade lands hear your song;
Hungry, thy cruel waves lap lonely weeping shores,
'Cross thy waves come prayers of the phantom throng.
Sing on, sing on unto lonely cypress swamps!
Okeechobee, o'er thee stars shine bright
Guiding wandering souls from thy slimy depths,
Through golden paths away from black, black night.

*Written just after the great storm of September 16, 1928, that swept beautiful Florida, leaving destruction in its wake and claiming many lives in the vicinity of treacherous Lake Okeechobee.

GLADE LANDS ARE CALLING

Glade lands are calling—the night is still;
Strange, sweet melodies beckon to me;
I hear the cry of a whippoorwill,
As sadly I linger by the sea.

Gentle night winds crooning through tall pines
My lonely heart with mystery fill.
Gold starlight dances o'er creeping vines;
Glade lands are calling—the night is still.

Ah, tenderly glade land voices croon
Of restful shades 'neath a cypress tree,
Of an Indian brave and white-gold moon;
Strange, sweet melodies beckon to me.

The black swamp lands are lonely and drear,
And their loneliness my heart doth chill.
The cold hand of death has fallen here;
I hear the cry of a whippoorwill.

In the lonely, low whispering night,
I hear the black swamp lands calling me;
My brave's spirit sings in the pale moonlight,
As sadly I linger by the sea.

Gently, ah gently, the moon path leads
My lonely heart back to cypress shades,
Sighing and breaking, there it bleeds.
Slowly, the light of the pale moon fades;
Glade lands are calling.

INDIAN CYPRESS TREE

Lo! Thus I have stood, through long years, in the black swamps;
Reaching out my grotesque arms to all wild things.
Gay song birds have nested and sung upon my long gnarled fingers;
Snowy plumed herons have reared their young upon my breast.
Gently the Gulf winds fan my heavy, tangled, gray moss hair.
Great storm gods have battled, slashing at my hands,
Yet firm I stand. Myriad souls live within my heart—
Souls of great braves that know the strength of battling clans.
Around my deep-rooted feet the miry waters tremble,
Tremble at the splash and roar of great, grim swamp demons;
Keen-eyed tree serpents have climbed and coiled about my arms
Amidst golden-velvet, starlike orchids blooming here.
Through merciless red wars I have protected dusky braves.
In the wild, black swamp, where white man dare not tread,
I have seen jungle creatures battle for their lives—
I have seen many fall and die, yet through centuries, I live!

WHERE THE PINK HIBISCUS GROW

In the moonlight oft I wander
Where the pink hibiscus grow;
Beside cool waters there I ponder,
Happy days that we will know.

In the moonlight, in the starlight,
Thy spirit comes to me, O Brave,
Alone we wander in the night
Where my heart to you I gave.

When our Indian moon is shining
Where the tropic breezes blow,
Oft we'll wander, hearts entwining,
Where the pink hibiscus grow.

U-LE-LAH*

On the shores of Tampa Bay
Stately trees in moonlight sway;
Through their branches soft winds sigh,
"U-le-lah," they seem to cry.

A gentle spirit passes by
Singing from a starlit sky,
"Land of flowers, remember me,
U-le-lah ever clings to thee."

From cool waters spirits wander—
In black swamp lands seem to ponder
Over secrets black swamps hold,
Of bloodshed and terror untold.

Moonlight brings the phantom band
To the lonely cypress land;
Red man—pale face—hatreds cease,
U-le-lah's spirit brings sweet peace.

*Ulelah, Princess of Hirrihigua, "The Pocahontas of Florida," four centuries ago.

SEMINOLE NIGHT

Long arms of a water course stretch across the lonely
glade lands;
Cypress trees, moss hung, reach out their ghostly, bony
hands
Like grizzled specters watching for wandering Indian
bands.

Drowsy waters reflect the colors of sunset's dying light;
A great blue heron, calling, takes solitary flight
Into the lonely night—the lonely, ghostly, shadowy night.

Like a spangled curtain, the glittering sky hangs overhead;
Stars shine, as the eyes of gods that far from earth
have fled,
Watching over my soul—over my soul golden splendors
spread.

A fiery moon glides up from out the sea, paling gold on
high,
Spreading white gold over glade lands from the jeweled
sky;
From swamp lands up to the moon echoes a night bird's
plaintive cry.

I wander with woodland spirits, far from the murmuring
sea;
Along the lily padded streams we dance merrily,
While forest ghosts and singing winds croon a woodland
rhapsody.

On placid waters of shallow lakes, luminous jewels shine,
Eyes of the great swamp dragons—that crawl through reed and vine,
That crawl through mire and slime—gleam where roots of mangrove intertwine.

Twixt night and dawn the shadows play, through gray enveloping mist;
Then comes the rosy day, gold streaked, touched with amethyst.
Ah! To rest forever with weird dreams—my soul cannot resist!

The burnished sun, with flaming wings, spreads across the cloudless sky;
My soul awakens from savage dreams to sigh—to cry—
"Oh lonely, lovely, wild glade lands, on thy bosom let me die!"

DREAM ON, DREAM ON!

Pine Tree, what do you whisper today?
Sighing here in the sea breeze,
You bring me tender memories;
And I dream my heart away.

"Dream on, dream on!" I hear you say:
"Of bright sunsets o'er blue lagoons,
Of silent glade lands and golden moons—
Oh sweet be the dreams today!"

Ever beneath your sighing boughs,
Oh stately Pine Tree, here I dream,
In glowing sunlight—in pale moon gleam—
Of black swamps where 'gators drowse!

I dream when the lone night bird calls,
Of moonlit paths through lonely lands;
I dream of kind protecting hands
Guarding me when shadow falls.

Pine Tree, I hear you say, "Dream on!
Forest spirits watch over thee
In thy tenderest reverie;
Life is sad when dreams are gone—
Dream on, dream on!"

GLADE LAND SHRINES

In the weird, wild heart of a mangrove swamp lies hidden
a shrine.
The great saurian kings meet there, crawling through reed
and vine;
Roaring, as if offering up a terrible prayer
To a power they cannot understand, who cast them there.

In the heart of the lonely glade lands is another shrine,
Where the great white herons nest in cypress boughs,
when stars shine.
In silence, they seem to offer up a tender prayer
To some great power that watches o'er them with loving
care.

And in the silent glade lands is a shrine of memory,
Where Indian lovers met 'neath an old moss-covered tree,
On a dreaming shore of a water course where soft winds
croon,
Whispering prayers to the Great Spirit—'neath the pale
moon.

PART II

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

INCENSE

To the God of Love, sweet incense will I burn, breath of the rose;
To the God of Dreams, breath of the pine, and to the god that knows.
Fairy clouds of smoke are drifting 'round me, like blue moth wings;
Taking flight, my soul will find thee, love, like the wild bird that sings.

Ah! swiftly my soul takes flight, o'er trembling land and raging sea;
Sweet breath of the rose is dying—thy soul is calling me.
O'er the snow-capped mountain peaks into the valleys below,
Through the land of the lotus blossom, searching for thee, I go.

Fairy clouds enfold me, a pale narcissus lifts its head,
Sweet flower, with heart of gold, burning thy fragrance unto the dead,
O'er thy shrine white moth wings hover, 'tis my prayer for those who died.
Ah! Love, my soul cannot follow thee across the rushing tide.

To sea and trembling earth growing calm—serene—incense I burn.
Love! I would follow thee, but the gods know best, I must return.
Wreaths of subtle fragrance lull my soul to rest in troubled hours;
In dreams, sweet dreams, I find thee, love, amid wistaria bowers.

TO A PALM TREE

Oh, storm-tossed palm tree, prone and dead,
Whither hast thy fair soul fled?
As night winds sing the song of death,
What whispers through thy latest breath?

Ah! Thou hast loved too well the moon!
And I have heard thee gently croon
Sweet songs unto the flaming sun—
Alas! Alas! Thy song is done!
Thy loveliness is now despair
In gardens that were blooming fair.
Death's dark shroud is covering thee,
Where gardens sigh beside the sea.

Stately palm, for thee I mourn;
Thy soul the black night winds have borne
Through shadowy vales, where sunsets fade;
I saw thee bow to Death, unafraid!

HAWAIIAN GUITAR

Sweet, sad guitar, around my heart clings
A sad, sweet melody from silvery strings.
Singing and sighing you bring to me
Dreams of paradise across the sea.

My soul drifts away to moonlit seas,
To smiling eyes and fond memories;
Drifting away to a pale gold star,
On silvery strings, sweet, sad guitar.

My heart lies dreaming on silvery strings;
My soul is sighing; a sad lover sings;
Sad is thy melody dying away,
Sweet Hawaiian guitar—Aloha oe!

SAILOR BOY, REMEMBER ME

Tall trees against the sunset sky;
South winds that softly croon and sigh;
A lonely heart that cannot cry;
A tropic moon that lights the seas,
A sailor's song upon the breeze—
A tender dream of memories!

Across the sea for you I call,
While golden stars through darkness fall,
My sailor boy, my own, my all!
A mother's arms embrace the sea;
A mother's hands touch ships at sea—
Oh, sailor boy, remember me!

DEAD PINES

Tall pines, that whispered to the sky,
'Midst brilliant bowers silent lie—
  Stark and dead.
Storm winds whipped and tossed and slashed,
And sea spray through torn branches dashed,
  While souls fled.

Pale moon vines weave a ghostly tent,
Where dryads dwelt in sweet content,
  Once so proud.
The upturned roots of stately pines
Are covered o'er with clinging vines
  As their shroud.

WHITE BUTTERFLY

A white butterfly circles over my head,
Like a messenger from the shadowy vale,
Like a spirit drifting on ethereal seas,
In the sunlight gleaming like a fairy sail.

Upward I reach to touch those snowy frail wings;
Bidding me follow, they flutter through the sky,
To exotic gardens of flowers and ferns;
O'er pale blossoms hovers the white butterfly.

A sweet rose-scented bloom lies within my hand,
And here, white wings gently fall, no more to fly.
Ah! My wild, sweet dreams like butterfly are gone.
Poor white butterfly—like you, dreams, too, must die.

YOU CALLED ME SWEETHEART

You called me Sweetheart,
  Then you went away;
You called me Sweetheart—
  That was yesterday.
Who answers now to sweetheart?
  Who smiles with you today?
When days are not so fair, Dear,
  Who kisses tears away?

You called me Sweetheart,
  All was bright and gay;
You called me Sweetheart,
  Then broke my heart one day.
No more I'll weep for you, Dear,
  I'll smile and sing and play,
And when your heart is broken, Dear,
  Remember me that day!

SUN WORSHIP

(*The ancient rite of the Seminoles*)

Rising Sun, I salute thee.
Oh giver of life and love,
Lift my soul from life's dark sea
To thy shining skies above.

As thy bright rays draw seed from earth,
Lifting great trees to kiss white cloud,
Raise me above life's din and dearth
And let a lotus be my shroud.

Give my soul strength of great pine trees,
Let sorrows of life gently die,
Let thy gleams drift on summer seas,
And make my soul too glad to sigh.

Oh Rising Sun, giver of life,
Bright flowers know and love thee well.
Thee they worship, through storm and strife,
And thy sweet love forever tell.

Oh paint my soul with colors bright,
Like flowers—and leaves turned gold,
That I may shine through day and night,
And worship thee with love untold.

LAND OF ENCHANTMENT

Oh Florida, Land of Enchantment,
Oh land of the magic moon;
Oh land where drowsy palm trees sing,
Where night winds sigh and croon;
Unto my heart sweet dreams you bring,
Land of sunshine and showers;
The moon to you its magic has lent,
Land of song birds and flowers.
I've roamed the paths that Indians know,
I've heard the night bird's call,
Enchanted by the night's sweet scent
Where twilight shadows fall,
Enchanted by the starlight's glow,
And palm tree's mystic tune;
Oh Florida, Land of Enchantment,
Oh land of the magic moon.

PRAYER AFTER STORM

Dawn swings wide the purple doors of the East,
And I, Oh Buddha, bow before thy shrine.
Upon a rose-strewn pathway my soul doth feast;
Before me opens the eightfold path divine.

Bright stars wane, pale before thy lotus eyes;
Within, the sacred light, diffusing peace.
Thy sweet love lifts sad souls to paradise—
Nirvana, where sorrow and death shall cease.

Lord, Buddha! As I kneel before thy shrine,
Sorrowing with thee for a starving world,
I pray thee make my soul serene as thine.
Thy love to all the world shall be unfurled.

STORMY SEA

Unto the tossing, sighing sea
  My lonely soul is crying.
Across the ever restless sea
  Dark storm clouds are flying.

Far out where water meets the sky,
  There is a great ship sailing.
Wild, mad winds go roaring by—
  Out there my heart is trailing.

To Neptune I call and I pray,
  The God of the Stormy Sea,
That through the water's foaming spray
  He'll guide my brave lad back to me.

NIGHT FOR DREAMS

'Tis just a night for dreams, dear;
The tropic moon hangs low.
I dream that you are near, dear,
As in the long ago.

Whippoorwills are calling, dear,
Across the moon path's glow;
All through the lonely night, dear,
Soft breezes whisper low.

All through the lonely night, dear,
Shadows come and go;
Seems I hear you calling, dear,
Through palm leaves bending low.

'Tis just a night for dreams, dear,
Where fragrant flowers grow,
And starlight brings you back, dear,
As in the long ago.

I FORGIVE

(To W.V.V.S., answering "Forgive Me")

The rose forgives the crushing hand
  By pouring forth its fragrance rare.
I would be like the lovely rose;
  Forgiving, make the world more fair.

What might one gain to harbor grief?
  Naught but sorrow and deep despair.
Forgiving, burdens drop away;
  Forgiving, one may hope to dare.

To forgive is the law divine.
  Forgiving, peace to life I give,
A lotus blooms within my heart
  For I forgive—for I forgive!

JUST CALL ME FRIEND

Dear heart, do not say, "I love you,"
Just take my hand and call me friend.
Too oft love is lightly spoken;
Friendship will live until time's end.

Within my heart perhaps love lives,
But I will never tell you so.
I will always need you near me—
Out of my heart friends never go.

I will never say, "I love you,"
I need you more than words can tell.
Though love whispers in our hearts,
Just call me friend—all will be well.

IN SHADOWY DREAMS

From an isle of dreams and drowsy palms you came,
'Cross the blue Pacific like a living, shining flame;
Bringing with you sad, sweet dreams that linger long;
Through the shadows of drifting years I will hear your
song.

My heart holds the melodies of that fair isle.
In shadowy dreams, so oft, I see dark eyes smile.
When sunset whispers to the sky's bright blue,
'Tis then I hear you sing, "I never will forget you."

When moonbeams mingle with a twinkling star,
Seems I hear the sobbing of your Hawaiian guitar.
You have laid your soul upon the silver strings,
Your heart plays melodies of memory that clings.

From the blue Pacific, sweetest songs you bring;
Through unknown worlds I seem to hear your spirit sing—
Far away upon a gleaming, pearly shore
In shadowy dreams, I dance for you, while pale gulls soar.

THE CRYSTAL

Silence—my restless soul grows calm—
  Into a shining crystal globe I gaze;
  Across its gleaming depths bright colors blaze.
Through the silence my soul grows calm.

Ah! slowly the bright colors fade,
  Leaving instead soft clouds of pearl grey;
  Across the clouds I see a flower sway;
A pale flower I see, when colors fade.

A lotus flower—'tis thy soul—
  Tears upon life's storm-tossed sea are falling;
  I see thee beckoning—thou art calling.
The goal thou wilt gain, lotus soul!

A bowed head I see—and praying—
  Yet awhile, hold the dark shadows away;
  Ah, yes! Through tears I see one kneel to pray;
For thee, brave soul, someone is praying.

Bright color fading is sunset.
  Through sweet silence let thy thoughts be supreme;
  And through grey clouds thy life shall beam,
As lotus blossoms through sunset.

Gentle crystal scenes are fading,
  As we drift back to life's restless sea.
  Oh, forget not, someone prays for thee—
Years like crystal scenes are fading.

COULD I FORGET

If I should wander far away
Through drowsy woodlands, there to pray
Beside a gentle, murmuring stream,
Could I forget thee in my dream?

If I should pluck a bright red rose
And cast it to the wind that blows
A sweet fragrance unto the morn,
Could I forget a rose—a thorn?

WOOING OF A BUTTERFLY

O'er a garden of roses
That smiled to an azure sky,
On singing winds came drifting
A yellow butterfly.

O'er a red rose he hovered,
Wings golden in sunlight;
Tenderly he wooed the rose
From morn until twilight.

Softly I heard him whisper,
"Come, fair one, fly with me;
I'll take you to green islands
Beyond the murmuring sea."

Sweet rose sadly drooped her head;
Whispered to the butterfly:
"Dearest one, how can I go?
Without wings I would die."

On the ground bright petals fell,
Golden wings spread toward the sky,
The soul of the red, red rose
Followed the butterfly.

STAR ORCHID

In the heart of lonely woodlands,
Grew a golden, starry flower;
I have brought it in my hands
From its shady, moss-hung bower.

It whispers low of winding streams,
And Southland skies so blue and clear;
It whispers of our dying dreams,
It holds a message for you, Dear.

Strange ways may lead us far apart,
Let this bright token go with you;
You'll find the message of my heart
In this flower that says, "Be true!"

FORSAKEN

In my heart are the sighing winds and raging sea.
Like mountains bursting forth with fire, my love for thee.
Loving thee, why dost thou leave me alone to weep,
To toss and sigh and dream of thee in restless sleep?

I am left alone, thy love lasting but a day;
Yet, I will go on loving thee all through life's way.
Through the long years rolling by, sometimes think of me;
Then, dear heart, thou wilt know my soul awaits but thee.

Ere long years have passed, look thou upon life's strange sea,
In silence listen—hear me calling, calling thee!
Yearning for thee so, wilt thou calmly turn away?
Or wilt thou, remembering, return to me some day?

PHANTOM MOON PATH

Lo! The Moon. The golden moon rises—
Slowly rises o'er the horizon line, lighting a jeweled path-
way 'cross singing waters,
That leads on, and on, and on.

Lo! Out of the depths ghosts come dancing,
Gliding along the brilliant pathway, vanishing into the
great fathomlessness beyond,
That leads on, and on, and on.

Ships, too, are sailing along the path,
Phantom ships, with their ghostly crews singing wild sea
songs, drift along the phantom moon path,
That leads on, and on, and on.

TROPIC GARDEN

Soft green lawns stretch far and wide;
Grotesque shrubs grow side by side;
Gold flowers shine beside ones red,
While azure skies smile o'er their bed.

Palm trees wave their singing fronds
O'er the tinkling fountain ponds;
Climbing vines, o'er garden wall,
In flaming flower clusters fall.

In the fountain's rainbow spray
Song birds splash through sunny day,
And build nests in fragrant bowers
Midst the brilliant leaves and flowers.

Tropic Garden, ere day is done,
Bright colors of the setting sun
Your splendor cloak in ecstasy,
Where you dream beside the sea!

WHAT WOULD I GIVE FOR A CHALICE OF GOLD?

What would I give for a chalice of gold?
  A feather from a cardinal's wing,
And a petal of the sweet red rose
  Perfuming gardens in early spring;
These I would give for a chalice of gold.

Ah! I would give for a chalice of gold
  A drop of dew rosy with the dawn
Turned into a ruby by sunrise;
  Scarlet leaves; and tears of a faun;
These I would give for a chalice of gold.

What would I do with a chalice of gold?
  To the Great Magician, far above,
Offering the bright gold, I would pray
  That it change to a chalice of love;
This I would do with a chalice of gold.

GOLDEN POPPIES

Frail and yellow poppies blow,
A goddess waves her magic wand,
From shining beds of golden light
Bright blossoms smilingly respond.

Oh Goddess of the firmament!
Oh shining, living, glowing Sun!
The poppies feel your radiant breath;
'Round them your magic web is spun.

Golden grow the poppy blossoms,
In the garden of fading dreams;
Apollo, take their tender souls
And lose them in your shining gleams.

On the ground, like jewels scattered,
Dying silken petals lie,
As sunbeams, loath to leave the earth,
Fade slowly down the sunset sky.

COME BACK!

Sweetheart, the day is breaking;
The sun is rising from the sea—
All night my heart is aching;
Sweetheart, when will you think of me?

Darkness again is falling—
Is falling o'er the sea;
Sweetheart, my soul is calling;
You answer not my call for thee.

Sweetheart, I am so lonely;
Through long, long nights I pray and sigh—
I want you, want you only;
Sweetheart, come back, or I must die!

POOR HEART, WHY DO YOU WEEP?

Poor heart, why do you weep?
  Do you not hear the wild birds sing?
Zephyrs around you sweep,
  A kind message to you they bring.

Poor heart! why do you weep?
  Do you not see bright flowers bloom?
Sunbeams before you creep,
  Can you not hear the wild bird's tune?

Ah, sad heart, weep no more!
  Go dance with golden butterflies;
Heavenward you shall soar
  To rest on clouds in sunset skies.

MYSTERY

Beside the blue Atlantic,
  Upon the golden, sun-kissed sands,
'Neath sighing, whispering palms,
  I dream of strange, haunting lands.

O'er the waves, white sea gulls soar;
  How the rolling water complains,
As I gaze across the deep!
  Out of its depths, mysterious strains—

The song of the restless deep,
  Cloaks life itself in mystery;
And at death the deep doth laugh.
  Is life—is death, but mockery?

WAR MOON

Out of the tossing, restless deep
  Rises the moon, blood red;
Out of the shadows ghost forms creep,
  Ghosts of our braves, long dead.

O'er battlefields red poppies grow;
  The slain are not asleep;
Marching, marching, onward they go,
  'Round the red moon they weep.

They are calling to thee—to me,
  And tears of blood they shed;
Prayers they send across life's sea—
  The great war moon glows red!

DREAM RIVER

Roll on, O World, with thy sorrow and strife,
As I drift away on the River Dream,
Drifting away to the fountain of life,
Away on a gentle, whispering stream.

I leave thee, O World, with thy greed for gold,
To pluck the first sweet violets of May,
To hear the sweetest story ever told,
To hear wild song birds thrilling on my way.

Ah, World, that cannot hear the sweet wild song
Through thy screaming, crying, sorrow and pain;
Thy way is so cold and dreary and long;
Let me drift away with a fragrant rain.

On the River Dream my soul is at rest,
No trials, no struggle, no toil I must bear;
Gentle love flows from the East to the West;
Ah, World, the Great Spirit awaits thee there.

THE WANDERER

Oh Wanderer, where have you gone?
Shadows of woodlands are fragrant
With snowy blossoms of wild plum thickets;
  Their fragrance is calling for you;
Violets, on the banks of a winding creek,
  Spread a silken bed of blue,
  Whispering softly to you—
Oh Wanderer, where have you gone?

Oh Wanderer, sweet is the song
Of wild birds singing in towering trees
Where purple grapevines climb and cling;
  They are singing their songs for you.
Bees sip honey, from red clover blossoms
  Sparkling with morning dew,
  To store golden treasure for you—
Oh Wanderer, where have you gone?

Oh Wanderer, where do you roam?
When the cold world, through laughing eyes,
Mocks your heart and tramples your soul,
  Then wild birds are waiting for you.
In green forests of fragrant memories
  Their thrilling will comfort you, too;
  Love's roses are blooming for you—
Oh Wanderer, where do you roam?

CHEROKEE ROSE

Sweetest wild flower—pale Cherokee Rose—
Twining and winding through drowsy woodlands,
Weaving tents of fragrance with thorny hands,
Where the forest spirit fair beauty knows.

Of its white flower the deep forest sings;
'Neath rose bowers my soul dreams at leisure.
Blue shadows whisper of hidden treasure;
The sweet Cherokee Rose rare perfume brings.

Dreaming of bright gold, buried long ago,
Deep within the forest's whispering heart,
From restless dreams I suddenly depart—
Within the rose I see a golden glow.

Ah! Yes, the soul of the Indian knows
That from lost, buried gold came the pale rose,
For through its golden heart the treasure flows
With thorns protecting—sweet Cherokee Rose!

THE TRAVELER

From Canada's ice and snow
A traveler came one day,
To the land where flowers grow,
And sunbeams ever play.

Gentle winds of tropic night
Kissed his brow when day was done;
Dreaming gardens in moonlight
Golden magic 'round him spun.

Tho' he travels far away,
For this magic land he'll yearn.
In Florida, where palm trees sway,
Song birds call, and he'll return.

SPRING IS IN MY HEART TODAY

Sweetly, oh sweetly, the larks sing
Of the coming, whispering spring,
Sweetly they sing across the way;
Oh spring is in my heart today!

My hair is gray that once was gold,
Life's springtime flies and I grow old—
But larks are singing 'cross the way
And spring is in my heart today.

MAGIC NIGHT

A magic spell of the dreaming night
Weaves a silvery sheen 'round my heart.
'Cross whispering palm leaves star gleams dart;
The blue-green sea murmurs in moonlight.
Through grey shadows pale wings take flight,
And my soul, enchanted, would depart
Through paths that lead to the gold moon's heart,
With soft steps to crooning tunes of night.
Incantations of the chanting sea
Bring my guarding spirits to the shore
With coral shells that the wind gods play,
Humming melodies of mystery.
Tenderly they sing of mystic lore,
Bidding my soul dream the night away.

OLD FRIENDS

One by one they have passed away,
Many dear friends of yesterday;
I dream of them through silent hours,
As sun sets o'er my garden bowers.

I dream old friends are still with me,
I greet them again—in memory;
I call them back from the great beyond—
Tenderly, tenderly they respond.

One comes from cherry-blossom land
And gently takes me by the hand,
Leading me on in a dreamy dance
To lands of mystery and romance.

Another comes with smiling face,
Yet there a teardrop I can trace.
One whispers, "Dear, you are my friend,
My dearest friend until world's end!"

Through the shadows a chieftain calls—
Oft I hear him when moonlight falls
Upon our land of strange sweet dreams,
Upon the lily-padded streams.

New friends come and many are true;
Yet dear old friends, I dream of you.
With fond memories I am blest;
New friends are good, but old ones best.

STORM CLOUDS

Like shining steel swords, cold raindrops fall;
Winds, through bamboo, sigh like wounded hearts;
Black clouds, like dragons, across gray skies crawl;
Like shining steel swords, cold raindrops fall.
Weeping souls, dark raging nights recall
As through clouds, like serpents, lightning darts.
Like shining steel swords, cold raindrops fall;
Winds, through bamboo, sigh like wounded hearts.

THE END

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